Yankee Doings

Vol. VI Boston, Mass. February, 1925 No. 2

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YANKEE DOINGS

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YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION
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GEORGE W. TWOMBLY
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FEBRUARY SMOKER

Mr. Henry C. McKenna has been secured as the principal speaker for the monthly Smoker of the YD Club of Boston to be held Thursday, February 26, at 8 P.M. Mr. McKenna is chief probation officer for the Superior Criminal Court and will speak on "The Courts and Social Service." Other attractive features are planned.

GOING WEST

Like the pioneers of covered wagon days, a number of YD veterans plan to journey to New Mexico to homestead on government land sometime this spring. Traveling on the road by auto, they expect to reach their destination in about two months, sleeping in the open and camping throughout the tour. Any YD man interested in an adventure of this kind will please communicate with Bill SnYDer, Manager of the YD Club of Boston.

TIES THAT BIND

Almost every newspaper account of a divorce trial we see, it seems, concludes: "Judge Leggat took the case under advisement." Possibly the grist of domestic relations cases passing before Judge JOHN C. LEGGAT (Hq., 52d Inf. Brig.) has impressed upon him more strongly than upon some of us the value of another variety of tie less readily broken. That, at least, was our thought upon noting two additional subscriptions from him for YANKEE DOINGS, to be mailed to French addresses. They were for Captain JEAN B. LEMEITOUR and Lieutenant HENRI EVEIN-MARQUE, who will be remembered as the representatives of the French Army who served with General Cole's headquarters.

VERY LIGHT VERSE

By Fuller P. Nard

"Oh, Mister Editor; oh, Mister Editor,
Did you see Old Sol mark time behind the Moon?
'Twas the spectacle of ages,
Worth attention in your pages
If you'll tolerate this old familiar tune."
"Oh, Mister Nard; oh, Mister Nard,
I reviewed the late eclipse from my back yard.
'Twas an omen, folks did say,
Of a pest upon the way."
"'Twas sym-bolic, Mister Editor."
"Don't I know it, Mister Nard?"

"Oh, Mister Editor; oh, Mister Editor,
Now a friendly feeling's buzzing in my bean.
We've survived eclipse and quake,
Don't you think, for old times' sake,
We should resurrect poor Gallagher and Shean?"
"Oh, Mister Nard; oh, Mister Nard,
You have never had a contribution barred.
This sheet packs a raft of flaws,
But none quite so rank as yours."
"Rates the front page, Mister Editor."
"By endurance, Mister Nard."

"Oh, Mister Editor; oh, Mister Editor,
I submit to you one sweetly solemn thought:
That eclipse, if we're but wise,
Was a blessing in disguise;
'Twas indeed a noble lesson that it taught."
"Oh, Mister Nard; oh, Mister Nard,
To compree your line is most exceeding hard.
Put us hep to any tips
You obtained from said eclipse."
"Use your noodle, Mister Editor."
"In dead storage, Mister Nard."

"Oh, Mister Editor; oh, Mister Editor,
At one stage the YD outlook sure was dark.
We were *pas bon* at the bank,
We had shot our last thin franc,
We were scouting for some other spot to park."
"Oh, Mister Nard; oh, Mister Nard,
Our anatomy was battered up and scarred.
But that crisis safely passed
And we're sittin' Jake at last."
"Settin' pretty, Mister Editor?"
"Nothing like it, Mister Nard."

"Oh, Mister Editor; oh, Mister Editor,
You have seen the mighty Sun himself obscured.
But that up-and-coming kid
Never can remain long hid;
Like Old Sol, the YD blues were quickly cured."
"Oh, Mister Nard; oh, Mister Nard,
Two new Clubs we've lately added to our card
There's the Capital City crew
And the Marbleheaders, too."
"Eclipse, *fini*, Mister Editor."
"Yer durn tootin', Mister Nard."

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Constant readers who vow they "read DOINGS from cover to cover" have doubtless noticed that two new YD clubs have been created in the last few weeks. This is but further evidence of a fact that is worth knowing. In YD affairs the period of depression is over, that of recovery is complete, that of expansion is upon us. There are two ways this inevitable expansion can be speeded up. By forming new local YD Clubs. There may be virtue in that idea. But we're not here to discuss it. The growth of the Boston Club is the subject of this blast. This growth depends on two things: retaining its present members and adding new ones. Let's take them up in turn.

* * * *

It ought not to be necessary to urge present members to stick. In times past the cry has been, "*Please* pay your dues promptly or the Club will go to blazes." This year the urgency is not so much financial as social. If only a dozen men paid up for next year the Club would survive—financially. But of what use would it be to the loyal few? Did it ever occur to you that to drop out of YD affairs cannot justly be considered a personal matter—nobody else's business? For the importance of the service the Club can render to each of its members varies in direct ratio to the number of members it has.

* * * *

In the days when the old Division was deployed along a few kilometers of raging red hell, it wouldn't have affected the outcome very much if one man had beat it for a healthier climate. But he didn't do it. Why not? Because he was one unit of the whole. Loyalty to the common cause held him. To quit might be pleasant for him but it would be a raw deal on the bunch. Around the first of April, think that over. To keep your five bucks, or three, or two, or one, in your jeans may be pleasant for you, but it's a raw deal on the bunch.

* * * *

So much for old members. Now a word or two about adding new ones. If anyone called you a large-sized fake, adding that your professed allegiance to the 26th Division was an overgrown bluff, we draw on our imagination to picture the scene of carnage that would follow. Yet from behind our typewriter-capped breastworks we say, "You are most certainly a fake if it's too much work for you to spread a little YD propaganda."

* * * *

Here's a good concrete suggestion, to save wear and tear on the gray matter. Tear out the page of this month's DOINGS that tells of the proposed Harbor Memorial,—a subject of interest to every Massachusetts veteran. If you belong to a Legion Post or a V.F.W. Post, post this glorious fragment of a glorious paper where the eyes of the world may see. Publicity pays. The more members, the more extensive our liaison; the more extensive the liaison, the greater benefit to each member.

JANUARY SMOKER

This is inside stuff. The first Boston Club Smoker of 1925 came near being a dud, although no one there (except a few conspirators) even suspected it.

Until an hour or so before starting time everything was rosy. A. J. Philpott, editor of the *Boston Globe*, was scheduled to speak on his newspaper experiences. That was enough to ensure a packed house and a mighty entertaining evening. Out of a clear sky came word that "Phil" was laid up and couldn't appear. Bill SnYDer shed tears of anguish as he and the committee used up two months' allotment of telephone calls. Nothing but grief; few prospects could be reached at that awkward hour, and the short notice prevented those few from accommodating. Bill was dusting off rain checks when Col. King finally got a connection with Col. Frederick W. Stopford at the latter's home in Newton. Anyone who knows Colonel Stopford can guess his response. But his good wife was more solicitous for his physical welfare, for the popular and energetic Colonel had been keeping a series of very late engagements and was, as we say in French, all in. In fact, when the telephone rang he had just lighted the candle and was wending his way to the hay-pile. Colonel King practiced his powers of persuasion on Mrs. S.; meanwhile Colonel S. climbed out a rear window and headed for Boston.

The affair at the Club had started on schedule and the routine business of the Annual Preparatory Meeting would be over in a jiffy. How to stall until the arrival of the speaker? That is where the plotters got in their dirty work. Russ Harmon, per the frame-up, arose to propose all manner of wild changes in the Club's policies, with a view to starting an argument. But he waxed so darned eloquent that he must have convinced even himself. Following the discussion, Chairman Queenan announced the presence of two officials of the Y.D.V.A., and called upon President G. W. Twombly, who briefly tendered the greetings of the parent organization. Secretary Sanborn discussed more in detail the activities of the Association, reported for the other Chapters, and gave a highly interesting resume of the operation of YANKEE DOINGS.

Col. Stopford addressed the meeting upon the military program of the nation. In addition to much vital and timely information upon his subject he uncorked a galaxy of good war yarns.

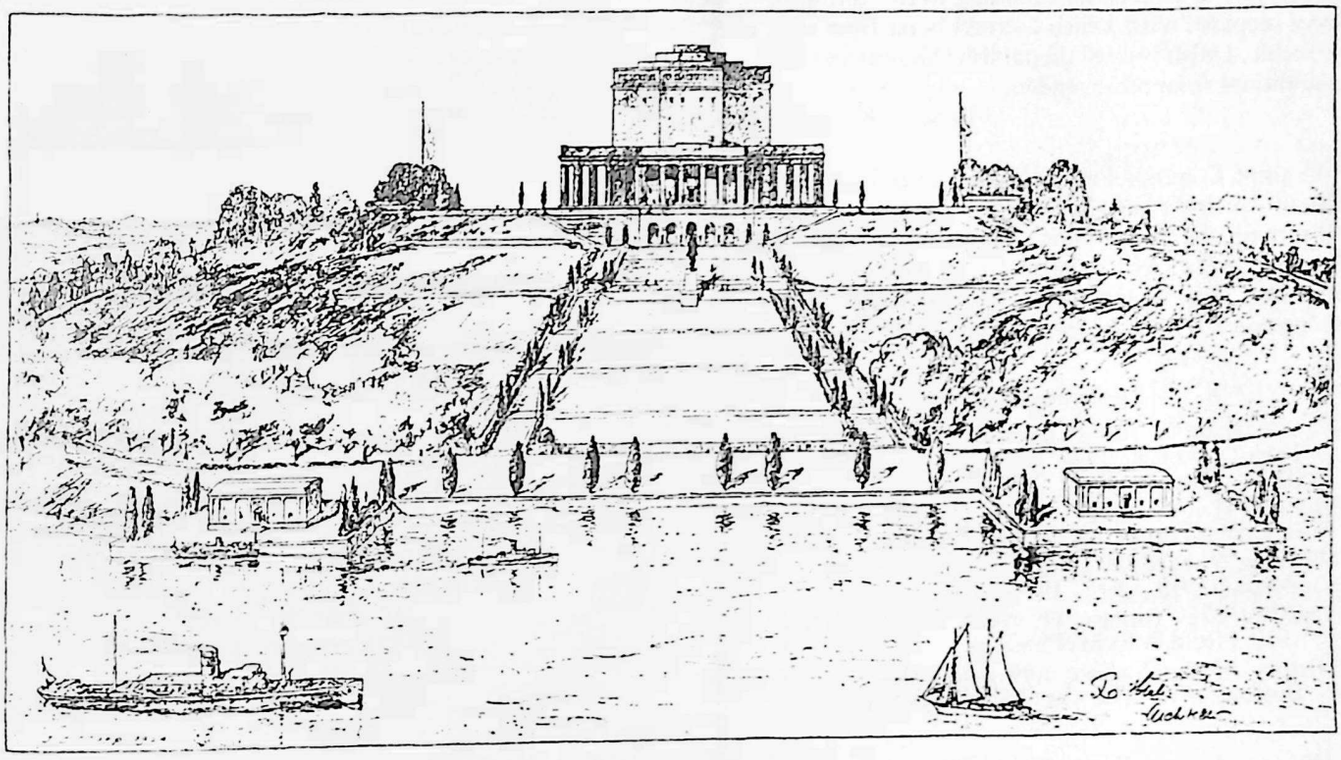
Along with the gang-songs, tenor solos were rendered by Mr. Garrity, our silver-throated stand-by. Mrs. Marguerite Lang, accompanist, enjoys distinction as the first female entertainer at a Smoker of the Club.

Smokes, refreshments and reunions as usual; and the highly successful outcome is one more proof that, in a pinch, the old outfit is still there.

THIS SETTLES IT

'Tis said around Boston that detective agencies have been employed to establish the identity of the elusive "Lafayette Mulligan." Needless expense. FULLER P. NARD has just tipped us off that there is nothing mysterious about this Mulligan feller: He's a brother-in-law of our old friend, FEENEY LAGUERRE.

A Massachusetts Memorial



"Massachusetts, there she stands—"

She stands, if the truth be faced, without any adequate memorial to those who have kept her from earliest Colonial days in the van of patriotic endeavor.

This is not oversight. Plans have been suggested, commissions have studied and reported; still there is no memorial. Some day one will come. Doubtless it will be grander for the delay, perhaps a veritable masterpiece of memorial conception. Indeed, a proposal with such possibilities has now been definitely presented.

At nature's portal to the Commonwealth rises Governor's Island, an obsolete fortress. The commanding terrain, its native dignity enhanced by the inherent charm of a water vista, invites the erection of an imposing mausoleum to enshrine our dead of all wars. As the Statue of Liberty symbolizes the promise of America, so would this express the redemption of that promise through fidelity of the nation's sons to her ideals, even unto death.

The mind's eye can picture a shrouded funeral boat gliding down channel, services in the chapel by the shore, rites by a guard of honor, commitment to a granite vault; subsequent pilgrimages by loved ones, descendants and impressionable children of unnumbered generations.

To the thousands entering and leaving port this terraced rise and crowning cenotaph would bespeak an unforgettable welcome or godspeed. It would punctuate with a moment of reverent reflection the course of passing excursionists by day, and flooded in light by night the significant profile of this American Westminster Abbey would be visible from shore for miles, to especial advantage from historic Fort Independence just opposite. Who can appraise the patriotic value of such a spectacle? Or the effect at a million firesides as nightly the ether might bring the notes of a bugle, and the mother explains: "They are sounding taps at the Massachusetts Memorial Reservation."

The island is government property. At present it serves no essential military or naval need. To have it ceded without cost to the State should be little more than a formality. The existing stone fortifications can readily be converted into thousands of burial vaults, capable of indefinite increase. A program of progressive development might include reclamation for ceremonial purposes of the lowlands north of the promontory and eventual union with the mainland.

Origin of the idea may properly be credited to the vision and research of Mr. George I. Robinson, a veteran with a notable record of business and civic achievement. The plan is receiving enthusiastic consideration by the Associated Veteran Societies, Inc., the alliance charged with the memorial problem, it having been commended to the study of that body by the 104th Infantry Veterans Association. The accompanying sketch, prepared through the courtesy of the office of Thomas A. Fox, Boston, indicates the availability of the site for this type of memorial.

The project admittedly is an ambitious one. Yet the very boldness of the conception lifts it at the outset above most of the familiar obstacles. It is eminently practical. Characteristic of best Yankee tradition is the basic device of utilizing valuable legacies of nature and man. Their embodiment in the finest expression of the landscape and architectural arts would ensure a work beautiful, worthy and thoroughly distinctive. About such an ideal, it would seem, future consideration of a Massachusetts memorial must center.

A YANKEE DIVISION LIBRARY

Reno, Nevada.

Editor DOINGS:

I have wanted for a long time to obtain a complete bibliography of publications relating to the 26th Division. I have prepared a list which I expect is far from complete. If possible, I wish you would publish this in hopes of bringing additions from other readers.

ERNEST E. FAIRBANKS.

We print Comrade Fairbanks' list, augmented by other titles of which we happen to know. We feel sure that it is still incomplete. Such a bibliography will be welcomed by all readers of DOINGS, particularly collectors and outfit historians, present and future. If you know of any YD publication not listed below kindly tell us about it.

Divisional Histories

"New England in France, 1917-1919," Emerson Gifford Taylor. Boston, 1920, Houghton Mifflin Company. (Official History of the 26th Division).

"Pictorial History of the Twenty-Sixth Division," Edwin C. Cooper. Boston, 1920, Ball Publishing Company.

"With the Yankee Division in France," Frank P. Sibley. Boston, 1919, Little, Brown & Co.

"The Fighting Yankees Overseas," Bert Ford. Boston, 1919, Norman E. McPhail.

"History of the Yankee Division," Harry A. Benwell. Boston, 1919, The Cornhill Company.

Regimental History

"History of the 103rd Infantry," Charles R. Cabot. Boston, 1919, H. I. Hymans.

Battalion, Company and Battery Histories

"History of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion," Harold Amory. Hartford, Conn., 1922, privately printed.

"Le Crapauillot" (Chronicle of 101st Trench Mortar Battery), James A. Walsh. 1920, privately printed.

"Dear Old 'K' " (K Company, 101st Infantry), James T. Duane. Boston, 1922, Thomas Todd Company.

"History of the Worcester Light Infantry" (C Company, 104th Infantry), Herbert L. Adams. Worcester, 1924, Commonwealth Press.

"The Story of B Company, 101st Engineers," privately printed.

"My Company (D Company, 101st Engineers), Carroll J. Swan. Boston, 1918, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The Story of E Company, 101st Engineers," Boston, 1919, privately printed.

"The Story of F Company, 101st Engineers," F. N. Weaver and P. N. Sanborn. Boston, 1924, The T. O. Metcalf Company.

"Battery A in France" (A Battery, 103rd Field Artillery), Providence, 1920, privately printed.

"Battery A of the 101st Field Artillery," Boston, 1919, Loomis & Company.

'Smashing Through the World War with Fighting Battery C," (C Battery, 102nd Field Artillery), E. D. Sirois and William McGinnis. Lawrence, Mass., 1919.

"One of the YD," Slater Washburn (C Battery, 101st Field Artillery). Boston, 1919, Houghton Mifflin Company.

"The War Story of C Battery, 103rd Field Artillery," H. T. Samson and G. C. Hull. 1920, privately printed.

"History of the 26th Company Military Police in France," Boston, Thomas Todd Company.

Miscellaneous

"The Command is Forward," Alexander Woolcott. New York, 1919, Century Company. (Republished from *Stars and Stripes*. The title chapter is a story of the 26th Division.)

"YD Yarns," Walter C. Mahan. Published during 1922 in the *Boston Sunday Herald*.

"What Outfit, Buddy?" T. Howard Kelly (103rd F. A.) A story in a YD setting. New York, 1919, Harpers.

"Heroes All," Harry R. Stringer, editor. Washington, 1919, Fassett Publishing Co. (A.E.F. Official Citations).

ENGINEER ENTRIES

DOINGS OF "D"

We want more news items. The idea is to have this column full of pep and up-to-date news of our old fellow *soldats*. A box of cigars will be sent to the man or box of candy to the wife or mother of any member of Old D Company sending in the largest number of news items or the best news article each month. Mail items to "Odds and Ends" (EDWARD F. WALKER, 10 State St., Boston.)

The sympathy of all D Company is with LYMAN LEHRBURGER in the death of his father.

B. K. WEILRY is married and is looking for a farm up near Bryanville.

HAROLD HAYES is now connected with an oil concern in New York, but living in Hartford, Conn. He reports that ROBERT F. SWAIN is making a great success as a builder in Hartford and is now building a small palace for his own use.

BILLY MCKEON is on the State Police Force with headquarters at Pittsfield.

We hear that JACK NOYES is with the Baker Vawter Co., at 79 Milk St., Boston.

OSBORNE PALMER, our former first lieutenant, was at the armory at the Governor's reception. He still has the old smile.

KEN FINNEY is the proud parent of *une petite fille et un petit fils.*

—E. F. W.

ECHOES OF "E"

JIM CICCOLO was relieved from all details in this world on January 24, 1925, pneumonia having claimed him a victim. He leaves a widow and two children. Representatives of the Company officiated at the funeral which was held at Somerville, Mass., Monday morning, the 26th

Our sympathy goes out to FRANK MCKENNA who recently lost his wife after a severe illness.

Captain EDDIE BRUSH'S mother passed away early in January.

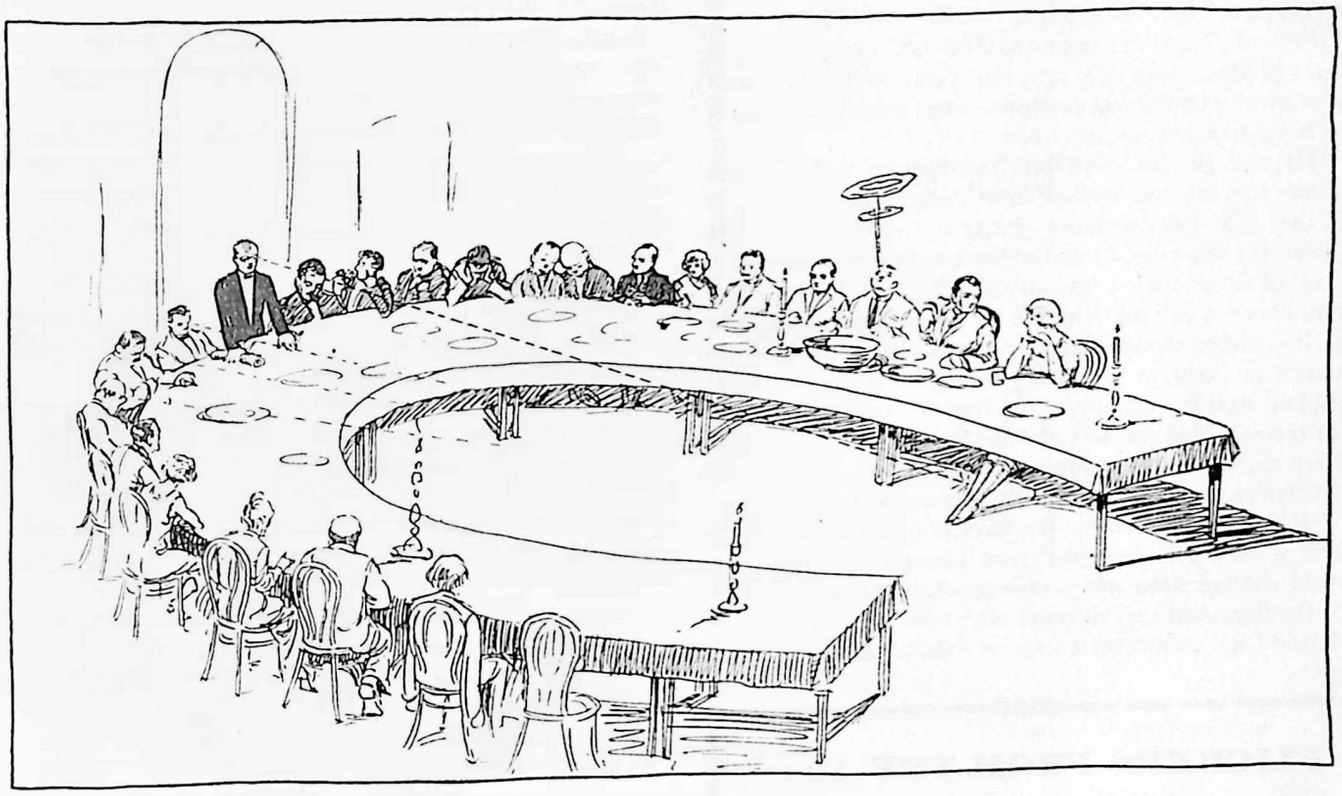
The company bulletin, "E Co. Echoes," has started on Volume 6, and the "dues r due" season has brought a lot of personal items which are incorporated in the bumper January issue.

ALLEN POLLEY is selling Packards in Los Angeles. Previously it was Rolls-Royces. At this rate, it will be ages before he gets down to Henrys.

BILL BUXTON has had another ship sunk in the James River. Bill is certainly rough on the insurance companies.

—R. M. E.

Lieut. Charles H. Evans Chapter Formed



On the evening of January 21, a charter was presented to the Lieut. Charles H. Evans Chapter of Marblehead by the Yankee Division Veterans Association. President Twombly made the presentation on behalf of the national organization and President Smith of the newly formed Marblehead Club made a short speech of acceptance, promising 100% membership for his club.

The new chapter takes its name from Lieut. Charles H. Evans, the only 26th Division man from Marblehead who lost his life during the World War.

The presentation took place in the Y.M.C.A. hall at Marblehead. The use of this hall as a permanent meeting place has been put at the disposal of the new club by the "Y" secretary, Mr. Roberts. In return, Mr. Roberts has been made an honorary member of the club.

A dinner was served by the Auxiliary; and following the ceremony of presentation, an informal dance was held.

* * * *

The above is *a la* Associated Press. Now for a few sidelights *a la* YANKEE DOINGS.

With admirable wisdom and judicial foresight the powers in command vetoed a program of triumphal entry for their Boston visitors and concentrated on clam chowder. The result justified their decision. Mark Twain once recalled a certain town as the place where he had bought a good cigar. We shall remember Marblehead for her clam chowder. Yes, there were other things easy to eat—and look at—(see Pop's sketch) but the memory of chowder survives them all.

Of the table decorations, both animate and inanimate no criticism can be made. Whittier has already immortalized "The Women of Marblehead." Shall our feeble pen seek to add to their fame?

The young lady who sang and her accompanist at the piano were a great help to President George Washington Twombly, who was thus enabled to go into double time on the chowder without being heard.

As one of the guilty, it is neither our duty nor our desire to comment on the speeches—their quality or quantity. But there were two good ones and these we print in their entirety.

President Smith, in accepting the charter, spoke as follows: "Mr. President, I accept this charter, and I thank you."

The other gem of the evening was contributed by Phil Sousa, the Little Napoleon of the Boston Club. Quoth Phil: "I didn't come down here to make a speech. I came down here to have a good time. I'm having one and I'm glad to be here. Thank you."

We commend both of these speeches to all after-dinner orators.

Others who spoke were George Elliott, ***High Factotum Emeritus*** of YANKEE DOINGS staff; Representative Joseph Martin of the Marblehead District; Mrs. Alfred Rosser, and Mrs. Florence Shirley, president of the Auxiliary.

It was a mighty pleasant evening. When old Marblehead sets out to do anything, she does it brown. YANKEE DOINGS wishes the new club a year of prosperity.

A. P. O. 709

Old Fuller P. started something when, in last month's issue, he innocently asked the State of Maine boys if their new Governor "also kept a dog." Writes one of them:

"Fuller P. Nard touches upon a subject very close to the hearts of Maine *men*. Happily, the regime of a freak whose queer mental equipment prompted some astonishing stunts has come to a not untimely end.

"He thought he loved his dog, and so with childish naivete had our flag hauled down during the obsequies of his pet. Up here we know the true "calibore" of that official. He was younger and of more rugged physique than many of us who went into the trenches; yet the qualities of manhood which we treasured were conspicuously lacking in this caninolatrian executive. A wealthy man, he remained at home in the luxury of a housecat on a velvet cushion. And he publicly stated that he was 'proud of his war record!' Had the men of America all been like this one, today might see *Deutschland uber Alles*, instead of the stars and stripes which he requisitioned for his pup's planting.

"Rest easy, Mr. Nard. We have now in the governor's chair a *man* who promptly gave his services during the world conflagration and whose qualities promise respect for the flag. And two stalwart boys now set off the Blaine Mansion and transform it into an American home."

FLICKERS FROM THE 104th

GREATER BOSTON UNIT, 104th

Commander JUD HANNIGAN leads off with a homer to deep center. Members of the Unit were greeted on the New Year with a peppy twelve-page booklet containing the program for the year and a directory of members. The directory feature is a long-felt want, and will be valued by everyone. As for the program,—well, it was so alluring as to bring Association Commander RUSSELL all the way from Holyoke to the January session. Here are the January and February entries:

January 15, 1925. Story of formation of 26th Division. The big job Colonel Shelton put over in Washington. Mobilization at Lynnfield and Westfield. Who stole the boats, already assigned to other outfits? Complete story of how and why everything happened. Did we get over before they expected us? Who picked out those billets?

February 19, 1925. Rest camps in England and France. The training area. Were shovels used more than rifles? Did we make those towns sanitary? Manoeuver details. Neufchateau offensive. Wood details. Ration details. Why no transportation? The Chemin des Dames. Were we supposed to do all we did? Did we bag the first prisoner taken by the A.E.F.? The big German drive of March 21st almost caught us; did you know it? Then we went through a rest area and right up again. Why?

Note: Meetings of the Unit are held on the third Thursday of each month at the YD Club of Boston, 8.00 P.M. sharp. The discussions will be led by recognized authorities. In addition, a representative of the Veterans Bureau will speak briefly at each meeting upon some vital Bureau topic.

No one who attended the January meeting is going to miss any of the others. "Jud" had dug deep into his trunk and assembled a raft of historical data, new to most of us. It was a revelation.

Bring some pal to the next meeting, preferably your Dad. By the way, the fathers have been elected Associate Members of the Unit in a body.

The Unit has sent its greetings to Mr. FRANK EWING upon the occasion of his rounding out fifty years as assistant clerk of the Superior Court. Mr. Ewing is the father of Lieutenant EWING, 104th Infantry, who was killed in action.

Commander STUART A. RUSSELL spoke briefly at the January meeting in behalf of the regimental association, and told of the plans of the Pittsfield Unit for a banner Apremont Day reunion this year.

Mr. GEORGE I. ROBINSON, of Boston, has been elected to associate membership in the Greater Boston Unit.

Upon the recommendation of the Unit, the 104th Infantry Veterans Association has joined the Associated Veterans Societies, Inc. Commander Russell has designated JUDSON HANNIGAN and RUSSELL A. HARMON as delegates.

Standing Unit committees have been announced as follows: *Publicity*, LEWIS D. MCDOWELL, JAMES B. CASEY; *Mural Painting Liaison*, JUDSON HANNIGAN, ELLIOTT E. MCDOWELL, JOSEPH J. GANNON.

CONGRATULATIONS

With thoughtfulness which other ex-YD's might well copy, FREDERICK J. MCCARTHY (101st F.A. Hq. Band) reports from Los Angeles the birth of a daughter, December 29.

WILLIAM F. HOWE, formerly captain, C Battery, 102d F. A., is to be thrice congratulated. First, upon his initial appearance in the YD Business Directory; then for twins with which he was recently presented.

MARBLEHEAD BREAKERS

The February meeting of the Charles H. Evans Chapter, Y.D.V.A.,was held on the 4th,to commemorate the seventh anniversary of the Division's entry to the battle line. After the business meeting a Valentine Party was given.

Plans are being made for a social and dance to be given by the Chapter at the Chelsea Naval Hospital in the near future.

EDWIN T. MARTIN (A Batt., 101st F.A.) is teaching in the High School at Redlands, California. He resides in Colton at Hollow Hill Farm, seven miles distant, with his wife and Scotch terrier, which he has named "YD." His father, Representative Joseph Martin, is an honorary member and loyal worker of the Marblehead Chapter.

ZIG-ZAG ZONE

Edited by Cy Coe, N. P.

Have any grief with January's tricky little "A.E.F." puzzle? Glance at the solution and see what a pipe it really was. This month's offering, despite its three service stripes, isn't a bit hard-boiled. It is a creation of the Forum, that assembly of alphabetical chess hounds who hold forth at the Boston Club. As near as we can learn, MONTY BROWNE is the architect.

R	O	L	L	I	N	G	K	I	T	C	H	E	N	S
E	R	A		C	O	U				H				N
M	A				R	A		A	H	A		A	M	I
O	L		X		D	R			O	R			E	P
V						D		L	E	G		A	T	E
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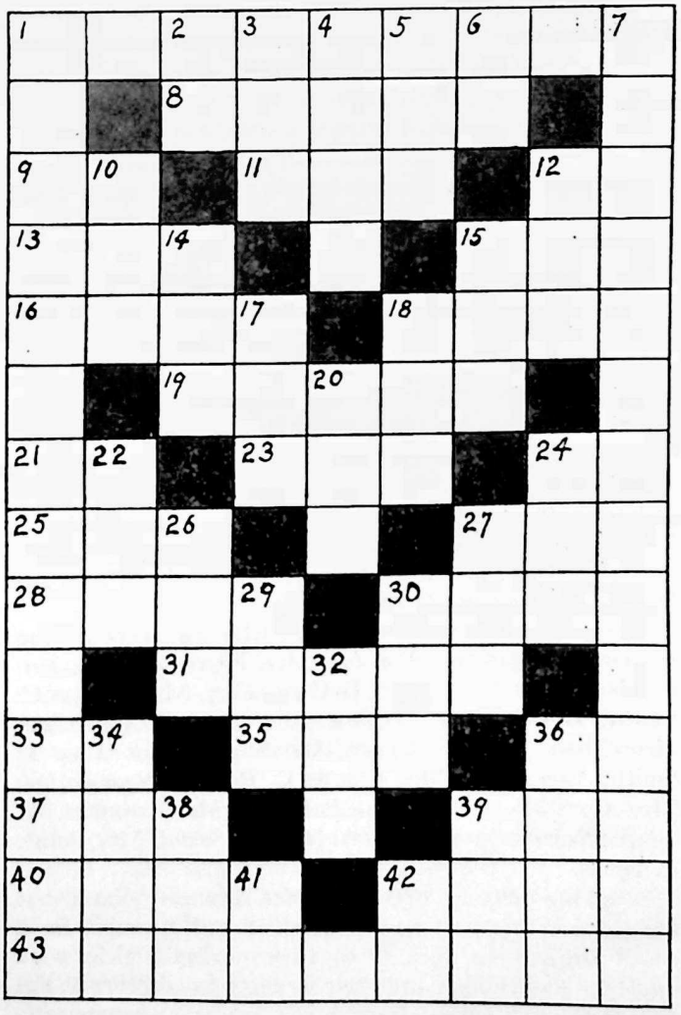
D	I	V	H	E	A	D	Q	U	A	R	T	E	R	S



HORIZONTAL

1. City in Cote d' Or, France; site of 2d Corps School
8. War, according to Mrs. Sherman
9. Air Service (abbr.)
11. French for "of the"
12. By or near
13. Pedestal for a golf ball
15. Australian bird bred for cross-word puzzles
16. Caught with a fish-hook and darned slippery
18. A ruler we never heard of except in puzzles
19. Two days after payday try to borrow one (French)
21. Initials of a country supposed to be dry
23. Officers had one in France, all of us at home
24. A veteran organization (abbr.)
25. Definite article
27. Knowledge from this school by mail
28. What the officers called on us bucks for
30. A reverberation
31. Crowned heads rapidly becoming extinct
33. Electrical engineer (abbr.)
35. Old grey mare
36. Fire department (abbr.)
37. Red Cross nurse (abbr.)
39. Tail without the tail
40. Ostrich-like bird; also grass cloth
42. One time
43. What every old vet would like to be again

VERTICAL

1. Where the Drive began
2. Exclamation upon spotting a cafe
3. An old man (coll.)
4. Some officers never had one
5. Plural definite article (French)
6. The candy mint with the hOle (abbr.)
7. Every YD-man (two words)
10. Observe
12. Friend (French)
14. A mischievous fairy
15. English Military Cross (abbr.)
17. When too lazy to drill get on this book (abbr.)
18. Finish
20. The army overseas
22. Pronoun
24. Bosche exclamation
26. Large deer
27. Illinois Central System (abbr.)
29. In bowling they each count one
30. Oeuf
32. Girl's name; also a goat's
34. Response
36. A human's map
38. New (French)
39. High explosive
41. Indefinite article
42. Old Sock (abbr.)

WELCOME WORDS

"About this time," says the YANKEE DOINGS Almanac, "look for RALPH EASTMAN to submit again the poem entitled 'Only a Volunteer'." So when Ralph's letter arrived we were all set to consign the contents to the big envelope marked "Hold for possible future use."—otherwise known as the Graveyard. But here is what the letter had to say:

"That last number of DOINGS was certainly a corker and starts the year off in fine shape. I read every bit of it, as usual, and even took a crack at the cross-word puzzle. (He enclosed a complete solution to prove it.) To support my hearty appreciation, I enclose copy for an 'ad' which should fit nicely into a quarter page." That's appreciation, as is! Then in a "P. S." was the comment: "The praise of the F Company book was fair enough; but it's too bad your reviewer wasn't on the job at the time the 'Story of E Company, 101st Engineers' came out."

C-C's OF BATTERY C (101st F. A.)

"Battling C" intends to form a live permanent organization. For a starter, a get-together smoker will be held at the YD Club of Boston on Friday evening, February 27. Set that date aside for the Old Battery. The main speaker will be SLATER WASHBURN, who has crossed the puddle twice *la guerre fini*. He took pictures of all our old positions and billets as they are today, and these should prove the basis of one large evening.

WASHBURN, by the way, was re-elected to the Massachusetts Legislature and has been named for some of the most important committees.

ROD WOGAN is well on the way to recovery after the removal of some five inches of shinbone. Both Rod and Larry are now happily married.

"OLLIE" PARSONS recently paid a surprise visit to Boston. He is a member of the sizable colony at Phoenix, Arizona, and connected with the Phoenix National Bank. BOB HOAR is also out there.

The following Battery C men have been wounded by Dan Cupid: JOHN MACCORISON, ED O'CALLAHAN and DOUG RANDLETT.

FOSTER COUSENS, now in Boston, claims to have the future skipper of C Battery. Any takers? And from out in Wyoming, NELSON PICKETT writes that he, Mrs. Pickett and Miss Baby Pickett are all doing nicely.

Our dear old JOHN (DYKE) LEARY is with GENE STOVER in the Second National Bank, Boston. Dyke has been made Boxing Impressario of the Dilboy Post, V.F.W., Somerville.

—A. J. L.

104th FIELD HOSPITAL

CHESTER (CHET) L. FRASER, former Sergeant, is married, has two little girls and teaches Manual Training in the Manchester, N. H., schools. Chet was recently examined for a commission as 2d Lieutenant, Medical Administrative Corps, Officers Reserve Corps.

WORTHLEY DUNLAP, the former "General's" aide, is stationed in the Manchester office of the Travelers Insurance Company. JACK HANDY is connected with the same firm's Springfield office as a legal adviser. Jack was recently married and "Dunny" was his best man.

CLARENCE WALSH, formerly Sergeant, 1st Class, has been with J. A. Scully, the local furniture man, since his discharge. He was commissioned last April as a First Lieutenant in the Medical Administrative Corps and assigned as Issue Officer, Army Medical Supply Depot No. 4, at Boston.

HOWARD (HOWIE) NOYES is as fat as ever and married. He is foreman for his uncle, who is engaged in the roofing business at Manchester.

WALTER DUDA, the boy who discovered trench fever causes, is affiliated with the Liggett Drug Company. He has recently been commissioned as Second Lieutenant.

TIM KEANE, our former gallant cook, has been pounding a beat on the local police force since 1919 and is the same genial Tim. Married and has three children. Tim received a letter from young THORNE, formerly of the 104th, who is in Albuquerque, New Mexico, for his health. While there Thorne says he met our old friend EDDIE DAVIS, the boy with the rotund stomach.

JACK LAUGHLIN, former Sergeant, 1st Class, is operating around Boston as a steel worker.

SHIRLEY LUSCOMBE and CHUCK ADAMS, both recently married, are about town. Chuck is as lively as ever and whistles just as much. Wonder if he whistles in his sleep now?

Captain JOHN ROGERS, M. C., U. S. A., is now stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, where he is attached to the Third Cavalry.

Captain P. W. WING and NEB B. SMITH, located in Canaan, N. H., are occasional visitors to Manchester.

ELI and ARMAND MONTINNEY are both employed by a local electrician. They have mastered this trade, are married, and each has a youngster.

—CLARENCE WALSH, Manchester, N. H.

YD AUXILIARY

The following officers were elected at the Annual Meeting, held January 14: *President*, Mrs. Corabelle G. Francis; *1st Vice-President*, Mrs. John Lowell; *2d Vice-President*, Mrs. Howard Gale; *Treasurer*, Mrs. Wayland M. Minot; *Assistant Treasurer*, Mrs. Edna Estabrook; *Recording Secretary*, Miss Charlotte M. Flynn; *Corresponding Secretary*, Mrs. John McKenna; *Chaplain*, Mrs. Alfred Snape.

Committee reports showed much accomplished during the year in improving the Auxiliary room and in welfare work.

In December, an interesting entertainment was furnished by the Chelmsford Company, consisting of the motion picture, "The Fountain of Youth," and two other reels.

A meeting of some fifty YD women of Gloucester was held in that city January 21, which was attended by Mrs. Francis and Mrs. Allen Smith, for the purpose of organizing a Gloucester branch of the Auxiliary.

At the regular January meeting, a large group completed a number of cretonne bedside bags which the President will take to the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, February 25. These are of a special design used only at this hospital, and are much desired there.

Among the committee chairmen who will serve during the current year are: *Auditing*, Miss Pearl Goodwin; *Entertainment*, Mrs. Lawrence DeCane; *Flag*, Mrs. Joseph C. Smith; *Hospital and Welfare*, Mrs. Will F. Lawrence; *House*, Mrs. Mary E. Lynch; *Membership*, Mrs. Allen T. Smith; *Nominating*, Mrs. Charles C. Rogers; *Organization*, Mrs. Corabelle G. Francis; *Publicity*, Mrs. Leonard W. Snape; *Sewing*, Mrs. James A. Nicholl; *Social*, Mrs. Annie L. Jarvis.

In taking office as President, Mrs. Francis pointed out the scope of the past year's activities and appealed for a continuance of the work. Over three hundred articles were made for service men and their families, in addition to the distribution of jellies, fruit, books, records, games, etc. Regular visits to the hospitals were made. The Auxiliary assisted in the Christmas stocking work and contributed generously to the success of "Uncle Sam's Market Place."

—C. G. F.

Washington Club Reception

To General Edwards

"As we pledge the health of our General who fares as rough as we,
What can daunt us, what can turn us, led to death by such as he?"

The devotion shown to General Clarence R. Edwards by the men of the YD transcended anything in the annals of the A.E.F.—except the devotion shown by General Edwards to his men! A great soldier comes to Washington for a bit of hardtack with his boys.

From George Rothwell Brown's famous daily "Postscripts" in the "Washington Post" for February 5, 1925.

On the seventh anniversary of the 26th Division's entry into the battle-line at the Chemin-des-Dames, the members of the recently organized chapter at Washington gave a dinner and reception in honor of Major General Clarence R. Edwards. Sixty men of the Division and thirty guests, including the Secretary of War, the Hon. John W. Weeks; Gen. Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau; Col. Thomas W. Miller, commander of the FIDACS; and a large representation of the New England Congressional Delegation were present.

President Coolidge was unable to attend but sent the following letter to General Edwards, who earlier in the day had been a luncheon guest at the White House:

My dear General Edwards:

I am sorry that I cannot be present at the dinner to be given by the Washington men of the New England division, but I know that you will express to them my greetings and good wishes. This is an organization which always will be associated in our minds with New England, and in whose record and achievements the people of our State will ever feel a peculiar and personal pride.

Sincerely yours,
CALVIN COOLIDGE.

Representative William P. Connery, Jr., of Massachusetts, presided as toastmaster, after the bugle had sounded assembly, and Representative B. Carroll Reece, of Tennessee, president of the Washington YD Club, had turned the gavel over to him.

The toastmaster called upon the representatives of each of the New England States, successively, and Congressman Carroll L. Beedy responded for Maine; Senator George H. Moses for New Hampshire; Senator Porter H. Dale and Congressman Ernest W. Gibson for Vermont; Senator David I. Walsh, Congressman James A. Gallivan, Louis A. Frothingham and A. Piatt Andrews for Massachusetts; Congressman Jeremiah E. O'Connell for Rhode Island; and Congressman John Q. Tilson for Connecticut. All bore testimony, as official representatives of their respective States, that General Edwards, a native of the old Connecticut Reserve, had, by his leadership of New England's citizen-soldiery, struck a responsive chord in the hearts of every man, woman and child in the region from whence sprung the men of the 26th Division, which, as Congressman Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota aptly said, could not be considered as New England alone but the entire nation.

Senator Moses hit the key-note of the evening in his eloquent tribute to the qualities and prowess of our division commander, and the love in which the country holds him, particularly when, in conclusion, he recited the following paraphrased from Eugene Fields:

"God bless you, General Edwards,
May you live a thousand years
To help us on our journey
Through this weary vale of tears.
May I live a thousand too,
A thousand less a day;
For I wouldn't want to be on earth
To hear you'd passed away."

General Frank T. Hines, Director of the Veterans Bureau and lifelong friend of General Edwards, spoke of the latter's distinguished record both before and since his duty with the 26th Division. "The duties performed by General Edwards," said General Hines "both in peace and in war have been of such distinguished character that he belongs to the Nation and not to any section thereof." Parenthetically, we may state here that General Hines, in his capacity of second in command at Hoboken made possible our expeditious "get-away" in 1917 in ships originally allotted to the 42d Rainbow Division which, it will be recalled, was scheduled to start before us but was not in such complete readiness as the YD. (This part of the story of the YD must come one day from the pen of Col. A. L. Pendleton, then A.D.C. to the Division Commander, who was acting as liaison officer at the Port of Embarkation.)

Following, eloquent tribute was paid to the Division and its commander by the Hon. John W. Weeks who, as Senator of Massachusetts during hostilities and as father of Capt. Sinclair Weeks, 101st Field Artillery, testified concerning his affectionate regard for the YD and General Edwards. Secretary Weeks said, in part, that the final survey of World War statistics evidenced that the YD stood fourth amongst the divisions of the A.E.F. in the number of decorations awarded and third in the number of casualties sustained. "Should any one question the work of our New England Division in France or say that the severity of its allotted tasks did not warrant our claims, cite this statement of mine as your response."

—CONNOLLY.

NOTE:—YANKEE DOINGS hopes to print in full in its next issue the memorable address of General Edwards delivered at the Washington Club dinner and reception tendered in his honor February 4th.

103d INFANTRY ITEMS

A gratifying number of old 103d Infantry men have sent in their names and addresses in response to the general alarm sounded by the Secretary.

CHARLES WOODMAN (Band) is located at the State House, Boston.

OMAR J. COFFIN (A Co.) is wintering up in the "tater" country" at Presque Isle.

First. Lieut. CASPER W. HAHNEL, of the Stokes, gives his address as Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

ALLEN MOORE (M. G. Co.) is getting his sugar bushes ready for the "sap sucking" in Vermont.

CHARLES KILPATRICK still lives in Fitchburg.

PEARLEY A. TERRILL (Corp., F Co.) is proprietor of John's Lodge, Connecticut Lake, Pittsburg, N. H., the home of big game, big fish and big—well, what is always associated with fishermen. Joking aside, they catch some mighty big ones in that region, as the writer can testify. When they're biting right you have to hide behind a tree to bait your hook.

EARLE E. COOPER (Hq. Co.) has been made Top Kick of Hq. Co., 103d Inf., Maine National Guard. With his experience he ought to prove a valuable man.

Col. ROY MARSTON, of Skowhegan, has been commissioned a lieutenant colonel in the 43d Division and assigned to G-2.

JAMES O. HUTCHINSON (Hq. Co.), who will be remembered as holder of many "championships" (especially around regimental headquarters) is in the State House, Boston.

Let's make this a real column, full of real news. Send your items, addresses, business, batting average, jail terms, etc., to ELLIOTT K. HALE, Worumbo Mills, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

—E. K. H.

KANSAS CITY SPEAKS

Our January cover, "Who Threw That?" caught the fancy of CHESTER W. PARKER, occasional Kansas City correspondent, who wants to add the original Palmstrom sketch to his already sizable gallery. He writes:

"Out here in 'God's Country' the Yankee Division might as well be a branch railroad, as you say; but if the few of us here keep on boosting it the way we do, Missourians will eventually be 'shown' who won the War. Here is a partial report on ex-YD's here:

"C. C. FARLEY (A Co., 101st Inf.) is credit manager for the Cook Paint and Varnish Co.; C. H. SPATH (103d Inf.) is doctoring Studebakers; JOHN MOBERLEY (F Batt., 101st F.A.) is attorney for the Kansas City Railways Co.; JOHN McCARTHY (M Co., 103d Inf.) is selling magazines; NICK APOLLONIO (A Batt., 101st F.A.) is handling real estate advertising for the *Star;* FRANK BOLIN (M Co., 101st Inf.) sells real estate; GEORGE BARDEEN (103d Inf.) keeps us healthy, selling water purifiers; GEORGE ROBBINS (B Co., 104th Inf.) is in a machine shop; GLEN PARIS (Sig. Corps) is a copper.

"Last month someone asked the whereabouts of GEORGE LEO SULLIVAN (101st Supp. Co.). He is located at Fort Pierce, Florida, and from all reports he will be the next governor of that state."

VIGNEULLES

(From "Wanted: Your Contribution to History" in the *American Legion Weekly*).

At the present moment the Battle Monuments Commission is trying to answer this question: Where and when did the First and Twenty-sixth Divisions meet when they pinched out the St. Mihiel salient?

It is known that they met in the region of Hattonchatel on the morning of September 13, 1918. An official map places the meeting at Hattonchatel at 7.15 o'clock, but it has long been generally suspected that this was inexact. The St. Mihiel monument will be placed at Hattonchatel, which is on a conspicuously high hill. The monument will be visible for miles around, but the commission wants to know, and wants to record on the monument, the exact place where this historic meeting of American units took place.

Existing records did not answer the question, so Major X. H. Price, secretary of the commission, began writing to the commanders of units in the First and 26th Divisions. Presently he found himself in correspondence with platoon and squad leaders. Out of a welter of conflicting statements it seems definitely established that there were at least two meetings, each independent of the other.

Elements of the 102d Infantry, 26th Division, passed through Hattonchatel and reached Vigneulles about 9 A.M. on September 13, and sent out an advance patrol in charge of a sergeant. This sergeant reports that he met a patrol from the First Battalion of the 28th Infantry, First Division. Major Price is trying to locate someone who was in that First Division patrol.

The First Division, approaching Hattonchatel on the morning of September 13, sent out a patrol from the scout platoon of the first battalion of the 28th Infantry, under command of Lieut. J. C. Hurd. Lieutenant Hurd reports meeting part of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion, 26th Division, at Hattonville, which is between Hattonchatel and Vigneulles. Major Price is looking for someone from the 102d Machine Gun Battalion who will amplify this. The major's address is the War Department, Washington, D. C.

WATERLOO

"I was in Dammartin the Christmas of 1918," writes C. RALPH STENINGER (E Batt., 102d F.A.), "and articles like that in the December issue bring back memories a fellow can't forget. I enjoy such articles so much that I want to see all our old buddies get DOINGS as well. I recently met HARRY DIERCKS (C Co., 101st Inf.) and am in hopes he will join the Y.D.V.A. I notice many of the boys have been getting married; I did so two years ago, but hadn't reported it. I met some YD's last year at St. Paul, and if any are going to the Legion convention at Omaha this summer I wish they would let me know, at Box 128, Waterloo, Iowa."

Back Through Old Sectors (XI)

By Lyman B. Cozzens

Holland has a bad habit of eating cheese for breakfast. Of course that's nobody's business but its own and it's good cheese,—the kind that you don't mind eating for breakfast. In fact, I liked it so much that I bought one in Delft. Isn't that a romantic place to buy a cheese?

Delft is a quaint old town of cheese, canals and pottery. I also bought some pottery and would have liked to buy a canal,—one would look nice on our street—but they are stuck down and can't be carried away. They run through the middle of the streets and the boats go by laden with all sorts of things the same as our trucks, and it is a source of constant pleasure to watch them. I was standing thus occupied on one of the little cross-street bridges when, to my amazement and disgust, a brand new Ford went by on one of the decks, being delivered to another part of the city.

At The Hague, or "Den Haag" as they call it, I heard that Queen Wilhelmina's Jubilee presents could be seen; so, without going to my hotel, I started for the Palace with my cheese.

The pompous and gold-laced sentry at the door looked at me as if he was quite sure what was in my package; however, he said nothing about it and I was allowed to go in and wander around the rich rooms to my heart's content (with my cheese under my arm) and look as long as I pleased at the magnificent gifts from all the monarchs of the world. It was the first palace I had been in which was occupied by a living queen; all the others were dead or deposed.

Before leaving Boston my friends, and also the daily papers, had assured me that I would be unable to get into the Ruhr; therefore I was quite determined to go and was sure that I could in some way get there. So when I reached Brussels, in Belgium, I visited the French and German consuls. They were both real human beings and talked freely about the situation. They told me a few things to do and thought I could get there all right.

It was useless to take a sleeper as I had to get off the train so many times to please the inspectors and was to land at Cologne at two o'clock in the morning. I also deemed it wise to get off at the Belgian border to check my baggage. After hearing such wild tales of having baggage seized, I decided not to carry anything into the Ruhr except what would go into my overcoat pockets. There were a lot of things that I did not want questioned. And there was my cheese.

At Brussels, I could only get a ticket to the Belgian border. Germany wanted to sell its own tickets, or rather France wanted to sell Germany's tickets. At that point the conductor asked where I was going. I said, "Cologne." He replied, "That will cost you 138 million marks." I asked if he could change a dollar as I had nothing less. At this the man in the opposite seat asked, "How much do you want for a dollar?"

I figured quickly. When I last looked, three days ago, the dollar was worth 170 million; and dropping 10 million a day, a chance estimate would bring it to 200 million. This was rather a big price to ask but he accepted and gave me what I wanted, counting out 200 million marks with which I paid for my ticket.

I was somewhat ashamed of myself for naming the exorbitant sum until I reached Cologne and found that the dollar was worth 600 million. Stung again! But on the other hand, here was I riding for several hours for about 25 cents.

Cologne, although not in the Ruhr, is in the Rhineland and showed the effects of the Occupation. Poverty was at once apparent; men were sleeping all over the station,—on the benches, on the window sills. And although rich in Old World beauty, its people were in desperate need.

I spent the rest of the night at a hotel where I was lucky to get a room. Early in the morning I hurried to Essen, going through Dusseldorf, Duesburg and Mulheim.

Much to my surprise, they allowed me to go through the Krupp works. But no one was working. Everybody was in the streets. There were no wagons or autos to give a business-like sound,—just the eternal walking around talking in low tones and mumbling.

I went without lunch as I could find nothing to eat. There were no restaurants. The cafes were just for drinking. That was in West Essen. But when I reached Essen by trolley things were about the same. Only one hotel was open and that housed the French officers. Besides I did not know the word for eat or food. I don't remember what I did to convey to them that I wanted lunch. At any rate, I didn't get it. Late in the afternoon I spied people drinking chocolate and eating pastry. This was not what I wanted, but it was all I could get so made the best of the opportunity.

Stores were empty but open; for what, I do not know unless to comply with the French law or to serve their own people. Each one that I looked into had a dark and tomb-like appearance. It was most depressing.

Everybody was suspicious of me. When I went to buy my ticket three men came over and watched every move I made.

At length a French officer told me where I could get something to eat, so I had my dinner but the food was poor. The horrible state of affairs was getting on my nerves and I wished I had taken the four o'clock train out, if there really had been such a thing.

Once, in the restaurant, a young man who was talking to another burst out laughing and then quickly suppressed it as it sounded unnatural there. It was the only pleasant sound I heard in the Ruhr unless it was my train pulling out late that night.

After dark it rained and I was one of the walking legion in the streets. I had a little German money to get rid of as it would be no good in exchange after I left. I bought a small box of candy for 400 million marks and spent the rest drinking hot chocolate at a pastry shop to get in out of the rain and pass the time till my train left.

These people are carrying the burden of Germany. That day I met a man on the train who talked some French with me. He has since written me saying that the suffering is indescribable with the cessation of the industries and the unemployment, and that they will starve if help does not come from the outside. The Government, with the best of intentions, is unable to cope with the situation. That the Crown Prince is in Germany makes no difference to the people as long as he keeps quiet. "But," he ends, "I would not like to be in his skin if new unrest breaks out because the people are not ready to be murdered again."

If I had been able to converse with the people I might have brought back more information. One must be there for some time and live among them, not at hotels, to find the real spirit of the *vox populi*. All I can see is that these people are just beginning to find out that there was a war. The rest of the world knew it long ago and paid the price in blood. They gave the flower of their youth in sacrificial defence to a lustful nation that thirsted for power and wealth, who carried the torch ruthlessly through France and Belgium, destroying in heinous delight what they could not carry away, drunk with the belief of their own strength.

But Germany had not counted on losing. There is only one conclusion to be reached if she had won the war; and that is, that she would have been all the more crazed with her victory and no one can estimate what the end would have meant. But now that the tables have turned and all she is asked to do is pay a small part of the damage she did, even this she is unwilling to do, whining that it is extortion and she cannot pay. And while they thus stall for time, the rich industrialists have carried the gold out of the country and stored it where it is safe from the public eye. Meanwhile her shipbuilding is going on and when the world in blinded sympathy lets her off she will bring it together again and say, "Let's now go after France again and we won't make the mistakes we did the last time."

France is not a warlike nation. Her people, the victorious nation, are now living uncomplainingly in the old wooden barracks that we left there and which cannot last very long. They have no money or credit to rebuild their old homes, but their attitude seems to be "Let us alone and we will be content with what we have; only give us peace."

Germany's homes are untouched. The conquered foe still have roofs over their heads.

I cannot forget 1870 when she rushed over France the last time with fire and sword, demanding a fabulous ransom in payment of her success. How France sacrificed all she had in order to meet the exorbitant figure.

This, perhaps, is not the proper thought to hold in this day of civilized warfare. It is not revenge I seek, but proper protection for France that she will not again be visited by this foe whose honor we have learned cannot be depended upon. All treaties and signed agreements are "scraps of paper" in her hands. What shall we do with a nation we cannot trust?

Now the people of Germany are suffering, and I see no way out of it except that they continue to suffer till they have learned a lesson in self-government so that when the governing body again takes up the subject of war they will know what to answer.

(To be concluded)

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

"SHINE" EDWARDS has lately been on the fire patrol in Worcester, but has now opened an electrical supply store in that fair city.

Big Sandy, Tenn., shows signs of life through the person of LEO ASKEW who has suddenly awakened after these six years. He is in fine shape and wants to be remembered to the boys. Others heard from in various parts of the country are JIMMIE BAIRD who has now moved to Meyersville, Pa. In Memphis, Tenn., LOU YOUNG is still doing telegraphing. M. S. E. SAUNDERS has sent greetings from Seattle, Wash., and JOHN HOPKINS sent word from San Diego, Calif.

On December 10, GEORGE HUDSON returned to Philadelphia from his wonderful six months' tour in France and England and naturally reports a mighty fine time. Let's hope that when he comes up he'll be able to attend one of our meetings and tell us what there is doing "over there" now.

Those of you who had the pleasure of knowing CLIFFORD (WHITEY) HALVORSON, who was for a while stationed in Neufchateau, will be shocked to learn that on December 5, 1924, he suddenly passed away at his home in Brooklyn after only a three days' illness of double pneumonia.

Had a fine long letter from CHARLES WEIDNER telling about the beauties, etc., of Casper, Wyoming, where he has resided since the war. Charles is in the "practice of Architecture," as he puts it and only hopes that you fellows will look him up when you go West this year!

One letter from Nogent-en-Bassigny enclosed a card showing the "Monument aux Morts 1914-1918" which was dedicated last fall. It is a mighty fine piece of work, but as our friends put it—it is a sad reminder of the *guerre*. A rather lengthy, but none the less interesting, letter comes from Neufchateau from Julien Gardeux who used to work in the Bon Marche store on rue St. Jean. He told me about the marriage of M. Goffrion, *Officier Americaine*, and Mlle. Royer Cijoutier. Then he goes on to say that it is sad but the wife "maintenant est perdu." I didn't understand it so looked in the French dictionary and found that it meant, "lost, ruined, wasted or strayed," so draw your own conclusions.

It was on Friday, February 8, 1918, that we waited five hours in Noncourt for trucks to convey us to Chatenois where we entrained for Soissons, arriving there the next evening. I guess you all remember that weary hike to Billy-sur-Aisne. On the 13th, the bunch of us left there on the cable lane detail at Lenilly, Mont-des-Tombes, etc., but we lived in dug-outs at Terny-sorny with rats the size of cats to amuse (?) us.

Remember the night about eight o'clock when we were filling in the trench after laying the cable—shells began to come over so Knowles told us to beat it? Going up the road, Jack Ross smelt something and thought the enemy airplanes had dropped a gas bomb, so he yelled "Gas!" At once, of course, all of our helmets fell to the ground and we put on our gas masks except one little chap who ran back and forth saying, "Who's got an extra gas mask?" Well, come to find out, it was nothing but chloride across

the road, so our lives were saved. A little later when we rested on a stone wall, Lieutenant Knowles said, "Where is the fellow who lost his gas mask?" A little chap, Mosley, eighteen years old and who came from the South, answered in a wee voice, "Here I am, sir." Knowles said, "Did you leave anything else?" Whereupon Mosley answered, "Yes sir, my blouse, my clothes, and my helmet." Needless to say, there was *beaucoup* laughter even as serious as it was.

On February 22, some of us took a bath in the brook at the foot of the hill and then went to French movies in the barracks, and then attended my birthday party in my dug-out.

Who has forgotten the first overseas cap issued to us while in Billy—leaf green with a flat crown that made some of us look like Germans?

It was a year later when, on the night of January 31, we left Odival and entrained at Foulain, arriving the next night at Ecconomy. You know, we hiked all that night in the snow, arriving by mistake the next morning in Mulsanne; but two days later they took us out and hiked us over to Brette. There didn't seem to be much excitement in Brette except drilling and walking over to Parigne l'Eveque.

Of course, nobody will ever forget the divisional review which was held February 19 about two miles beyond the town of St. Beizen-Belin at the rifle range. We arose at 4.45 and after an early breakfast rode to St. Beizen-Belin, arriving at the parade grounds in plenty of time to stand around and get soaked, for it rained most of the time and the field was very wet. It was 4.30 P.M. before we left the field. As it was, the parade was really a very wonderful sight and it was too bad the weather should not have been pleasant, for the spectacle would have been even a great deal more gorgeous.

During this month, the theatrical troupe again started in rehearsing on some new plays. —G. W. T.

101st INFANTRY ITEMS

ARTHUR W. DESMOND, one of the dispensers of francs on payday in France, is now lieutenant-colonel of the 101st Infantry, Massachusetts National Guard.

WARWICK HARRIS, treasurer of our Veterans Association, is with the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston. He has been promoted recently but is too modest to let anybody know about it.

THOMAS F. SULLIVAN, formerly first sergeant, Supply Company, was recently appointed first lieutenant, Officers Reserve Corps, and assigned to Motor Transport Company 1003. In civil life he his a member of the Cambridge Fire Department.

WALTER MUNGOVAN, also of the Supply Company, has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Reserve Corps.

JOHN FOLEY, of "D," wears police blue in the Dorchester Division. From all reports his amiable disposition has not changed with his acquisition of brass buttons.

EDDIE BERGSTROM has the South Shore district as a salesman for a Boston dental supply house.

JOHN (TABBY) BUTTIMER, of "D," is employed in Watertown where he has taken up his residence.

JIMMY FLANNERY, of "D," has been married for some time, but hardly anybody knew about it.

JOHNNY LOVE, who left D Company in Neufchateau to drive generals in Chaumont around in automobiles, couldn't keep away from them (the cars, not the generals) and is now selling Dodge cars. Rumor has it that he will soon become a benedict.

JIM BURKE is still studying. Books and Jim are as inseparable as spurs and a staff officer.

ALTON STEVENS is a florist in Plymouth and is prominent in the affairs of that community.

FRANK SCANLON, of "D," is a hard worker for Fitzgerald Post, V.F.W. He and HARRY CONNOLLY, who is the post adjutant, are always willing to lend a hand to any buddies who pass their way.

JOHN BUCKLEY, of D Company, is now a member of the faculty of the Massachusetts Normal Art School. He spent last summer at Rockport, Mass., where he did considerable sketching.—STATION J.A.C., signing off.

(With thanks to TOM MCDEVITT, of D Company, and an anonymous contributor who left a few notes in the box.)

THEY GOT THERE

Back in 1922, the veterans of the 104th Infantry paused during their reunion to dispatch some tricky testimonials to the people of the French villages in which the respective battalions of the regiment trained. They got there. Here is a passage (translated) from a letter recently received by Walter W. Austin from his erstwhile French hostess in Pompierre:

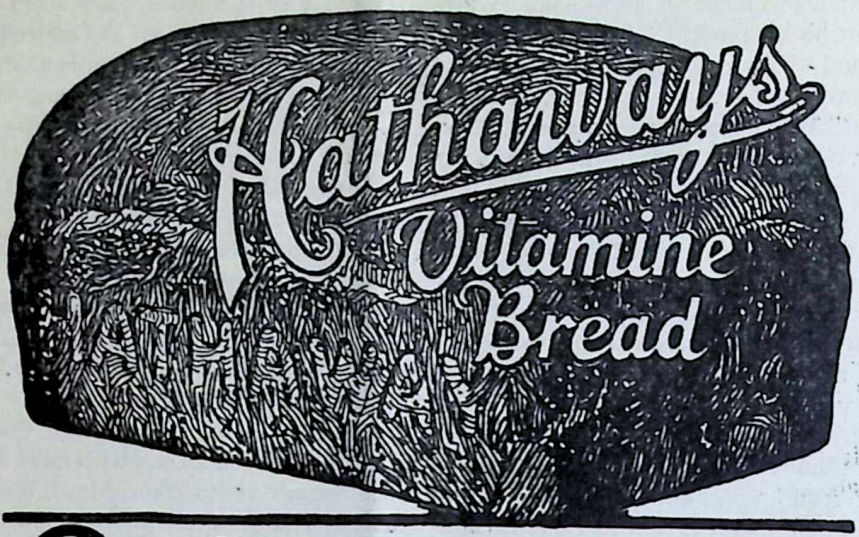
". . . The greeting mailed by M. Flamand reached the Mayor of Pompierre, who assembled his municipal council so as to communicate it to them. In the name of the municipal council the Mayor answered M. Flamand, thanking him for himself and all the people of Pompierre for the kind remembrance and friendship shown by the American soldiers for the French people. I know that letters were also received by the mayors of Sartes and Harreville.—P. REGNARD."

With the letter came a note in little Marie's very best English, *comme ci:*

"I pass Christmas' holidays at Pompierre, in my grandmother's; and I write to you that letter, as she has demanded. She does not know if you and your sister are in good health; there is a long time that you have not written, and she demands if you are sick or if you do not think to them. My grand parents wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I suppose that I do not write English very well, but I write as well as it is possible to me."

CONCERNING CATS

Some cats are just naturally ungrateful. After all the nice things we said in a recent number about Babe, the Boston YD Club cat, she again took French leave, without trace. But her non-Angora offspring, Liz, is so adequately filling the mother's shoes (puss-in-boots, as it were) that no one is lamenting the beautiful but wayward Babe. Liz is pure white (after Phil Sousa treats her to a bath), and what she lacks in beauty she makes up in pep. She recently broke up the annual meeting of artists of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, held at the Club.



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